

PHANTOM SHIP

—OR—
The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)
"There are twenty men on deck to tell the story," replied the captain, "and the old Catholic priest, to boot, for he stood by me the whole time I was on deck. The man said that some accident would happen; and in the morning watch, on rounding the well, we found four feet of water. We took to the pumps, but it gained upon us, and we went down, as I have told you. The mate says that the vessel is well known—it is called the Flying Dutchman."

Philip made no remarks at the time, but he was much pleased at what he had heard. "If," thought he, "the Phantom Ship of my poor father appears to others as well as to me, and they are sufferers, my being on board can make no difference. I do but take my chance of falling in with her, and do not risk the lives of those who sail in the same vessel with me. Now my mind is relieved, and I can prosecute my search with a quiet conscience."

The next day Philip took an opportunity of making the acquaintance of the Catholic priest, who spoke Dutch and other languages as well as he did Portuguese. He was a venerable old man, apparently about sixty years of age, with a white flowing beard, mild in his demeanor, and very pleasant in his conversation.

When Philip kept his watch that night, the old man walked with him, and it was then, after a long conversation, that Philip confided to him that he was of the Catholic persuasion.

"Indeed, my son, that is unusual in a Hollander,"

"It is so," replied Philip; "nor is it known on board—not that I am ashamed of my religion, but I wish to avoid discussion."

"You are prudent, my son. Alas! if the reformed religion produces no better fruit than what I have witnessed in the East, it is little better than idolatry."

"Tell me, father," said Philip—"they talk of a mysterious vision—a ship not manned by mortal men. Did you see it?"

"I saw what others saw," replied the priest, "and certainly, as far as my senses would enable me to judge, the appearance was most unusual—I may say supernatural; but I had heard of this Phantom Ship before, and moreover that its appearance was the precursor of disaster."

The Batavia waited a few days at St. Helena, and then continued her voyage. In six weeks Philip again found himself at anchor in the Zuyder Zee, and having the captain's permission, he immediately set off for his own home, taking with him the old Portuguese priest Mathias, with whom he had formed a great intimacy, and to whom he had offered his protection for the time he might wish to remain in the Low Countries.

Again he was united to his dear Amine.

CHAPTER XIII.

About three months later Amine and Philip were seated upon the mossy bank which we have mentioned, and which had become their favorite resort. Father Mathias had contracted a great intimacy with Father Seyen, and the two priests were almost as inseparable as were Philip and Amine. Having determined to wait a summons previous to Philip's again entering upon his strange and fearful task, and, happy in the possession of each other, the subject was seldom revived. Philip, who had, on his return, expressed his wish to the directors of the company for immediate employment, had, since that period, taken no further steps, nor had any communication with Amsterdam.

All at once Philip felt something touch his shoulder, and a sudden chill ran through his frame. In a moment his ideas reverted to the probable cause; he turned round his head, and to his amazement, beheld the (supposed to be drowned) pilot of the *Tor Schilling*, the one-eyed Schriften, who stood behind him with a letter in his hand. The sudden appearance of this malignant wretch induced Philip to exclaim:

"Merciful Heavens! is it possible?" Amine, who had turned her head round at the exclamation of Philip, covered up her face, and burst into tears. It was not fear that caused this unusual emotion on her part, but the conviction that her husband was never to be at rest but in the grave.

"Philip Vanderdecken," said Schriften, "he! he! I've a letter for you; it is from the company."

"I thought," said he, "that you were drowned when the ship was wrecked in False Bay. How did you escape?"

"How did I escape?" replied Schriften. "Allow me to ask how did you escape?"

"I was thrown up by the waves," replied Philip; "but—"

"But," interrupted Schriften, "let the waves ought not to have thrown me up."

"And why not, pray? I did not say that."

"No! but I presume you wish it had been so; but, on the contrary, I escaped in the same way that you did—"

I was thrown up by the waves; he! he! but I can't wait here. I have done my bidding."

"Stop," replied Philip; "answer me one question. Do you sail in the same vessel with me this time?"

"I'd rather be excused," replied Schriften; "I am not looking for the Phantom Ship, Myneheer Vanderdecken," and with this reply, the little man turned round and went away at a rapid pace.

"Is not this a summons, Amine?" said Philip, after a pause, still holding the letter in his hand, with the seal unbroken.

"I will not deny it, dearest Philip. It is most surely so; the hateful messenger appears to have risen from the grave that he might deliver it. Forgive me, Philip; but I was taken by surprise. I will not again annoy you with a woman's weakness."

"My poor Amine," replied Philip, mournfully, "Alas! why did I not perform my pilgrimage alone? It was selfish of me to link you with so much wretchedness, and join you with me in hearing the fardel of never-ending anxiety and suspense."

"And who should bear it with you, my dearest Philip, if it is not the wife of your bosom? You little know my heart if you think I shrink from the duty. No, Philip, it is a pleasure, even in its most acute pang; for I consider that I am, by partaking with you, relieving you of a portion of your sorrow, and I feel proud that I am the wife of one who has been selected to be so peculiarly tried. But, dearest, no more of this. You must read the letter."

Philip did not answer. He broke the seal, and found that the letter intimated to him that he was appointed as first mate to the *Vrouw Katerina*, a vessel which sailed with the next fleet; and requesting he would join as quickly as possible, as she would soon be ready to receive her cargo. The letter, which was from the secretary, further informed him that, after this voyage, he might be certain of having the command of a vessel as captain, upon conditions which would be explained when he called upon the board.

"I thought, Philip, that you had requested the command of a vessel for this voyage," observed Amine, mournfully.

"I did," replied Philip, "but not having followed up my application, it appears not to have been attended to. It has been my own fault."

"And now it is too late."

"Yes, dearest, most assuredly so; but it matters not; I would as willingly, perhaps rather, sail this voyage as first mate."

"Philip, I may as well speak now. That I am disappointed, I must confess; I fully expected that you would have had the command of a vessel, and you may remember that I exacted a promise from you on this very bank upon which we now sit. That promise I shall still exact, and I now tell you what I had intended to ask. It was, my dear Philip, permission to sail with you. With you I care for nothing. I can be happy under every privation or danger; but to be left alone for so long, brooding over my painful thoughts, devoured by suspense, impatient, restless, and incapable of applying to any one thing—that, dear Philip, is the height of misery, and that is what I feel when you are absent. Recollect, I have your promise, Philip. As captain you have the means of receiving your wife on board. I am bitterly disappointed in being left this time; do, therefore, to a certain degree console me by promising that I shall sail with you next voyage, if Heaven permit your return."

"I promise it, Amine, since you are so earnest. I can refuse you nothing; but I have a foreboding that yours and my happiness will be wrecked forever. I am not a visionary, but it does appear to me that strangely mixed up as I am, at once with this world and the next, some little portion of futurity is opened to me. I have given my promise, 'mine, but from it I would fain be released.'"

"And if it do come, Philip, it is our destiny. Who can avert fate?"

"Amine, we are free agents, and to a certain extent are permitted to direct our own destinies."

"Ay, so would Father Seyen fain have made me believe; but what he said in support of his assertion was to me incomprehensible. And yet he said that it was part of the Catholic faith, that may be so—I am unable to understand many other points. I wish your faith were made more simple. As yet the good man—for good he really is—has only led me into doubt."

"Passing through doubt, you will arrive at conviction, Amine."

"Perhaps so," replied Amine; "but it appears to me that I am as yet but on the outset of my journey. But come, Philip, let us return. You must go to Amsterdam, and I will go with you. After your labors of the day, at least until you sail, your Amine's smiles must still enliven you. Is it not so?"

"Yes, dearest, I would have proposed it. I wonder much how Schriften could come here. I did not see his body, it is certain; but his escape is to me miraculous. Why did he not ap-

pear when saved? where could he have been? What think you, Amine?"
"What I have long thought, Philip. He is a ghoul with an evil eye, permitted for some cause to walk the earth in human form, and is certainly, in some way, connected with your strange destiny. If it requires anything to convince me of the truth of all that has passed, it is his appearance—the wretched Afrit! Oh, that I had my mother's powers—but I forget, it displeases you, Philip, that I ever talk of such things, and I am silent."

Philip replied not; and, absorbed in their own meditations, they walked back in silence to the cottage. Although Philip had made up his own mind, he immediately sent the Portuguese priest to summon Father Seyen, that he might communicate with them and take their opinion as to the summons he had received. Having entered into a fresh detail of the supposed death of Schriften, and his reappearance as a messenger, he then left the two priests to consult together, and went upstairs to Amine. It was more than two hours before Philip was called down, and Father Seyen appeared to be in a state of great perplexity.

CHAPTER XIV.

"My son," said he, "we are much perplexed. We had hoped that our ideas upon this strange communication were correct, and that, allowing all that you have obtained from your mother and have seen yourself to have been no deception, still that it was the work of the Evil One, and, if so, our prayers and masses would have destroyed this power. We advised you to wait another summons, and you have received it. The letter itself is of course nothing, but the reappearance of the bearer of the letter is the question to be considered. Tell me, Philip, what is your opinion on this point? Is it possible he might have been saved—why not as well as yourself?"

"I acknowledged the possibility, father," replied Philip; "he may have been cast on shore and have wandered in another direction. It is possible, although anything but probable; but since you ask me my opinion, I must say candidly that I consider he is no earthly messenger; nay, I am sure of it. That he is mysteriously connected with my destiny is certain. But who he is and what he is, of course I cannot tell."

"Then, my son, we have come to the determination, in this instance, not to advise. You must act now upon your own responsibility and your own judgment. In what way soever you may decide, we shall not blame you. Our prayers shall be that Heaven may still have you in its holy keeping."

"My decision, holy father, is to obey the summons."

"Be it so, my son; something may occur which may assist to work out the mystery—a mystery which I acknowledge to be beyond my comprehension, and of too painful a nature for me to dwell upon."

Philip said no more, for he perceived that the priest was not at all inclined to converse. Father Mathias took this opportunity of thanking Philip for his hospitality and kindness, and stated his intention of returning to Lisbon by the first opportunity that might offer.

(To be continued.)

Strange Underground Chapel.

Prayer meetings are often held in the underground galleries of Great Britain's colliery districts, but there is probably only one mine where an apartment has been excavated and set aside exclusively as a place of worship. This strange sanctuary is to be found in the Myndd Newydd Colliery, about three miles out of the town of Swansea. The underground chapel dates back for more than half a century, and every morning since its inauguration the workers in the colliery have assembled together in this remarkable and novel edifice to worship God. The chapel is situated close to the bottom of the shaft, so that the miners, on descending the pit, can go to worship before they proceed to their various stations. The apartment is strangely lacking in ornamentation and adornment. The pillars and the beams which support the roof are of rough wood, and a disused coal trolley turned on end, does duty as a pulpit. The only light in the sanctuary is given by a Davy safety lamp hung by a rope from the ceiling. The miners sit upon rough wooden forms placed across the chapel from side to side, and the oldest workman at the colliery performs the duties of pastor. He reads a chapter from the Bible, and then offers up a prayer, asking God to be with the men in their daily labors. The service generally concludes with some grand old Welsh hymn, sung heartily by all the worshippers, with out instrumental aid. The Bible, from which the daily portion is read, is kept especially for chapel use, and is placed during the day in a covered box fixed inside the upturned trolley.

Meaning at a Wedding.

A mountain wedding took place near Batesville, Va., a few days ago, when Miss Estelle Clemmons became Mrs. Ben Luthers. About 100 guests were present. A rejected suitor of Miss Clemmons was among the guests and he wore a broad band of orange on his arm. During the ceremony the jilted man and his sympathizers expressed their sense of bereavement by low, sorrowful moaning.

It sometimes happens when a pretty girl poses before the mirror that she believes she can never love another,

Washington, July 8.—British-Canadian propositions rejected by the state department:

1. The cession of Pyramid harbor, at the head of Lynn canal.
2. The cession of any other port of Lynn canal.
3. The cession of a strip of territory which would give access to tide water.
4. A free right of way across Alaska to any United States port.
5. The variation of Hay's provisional boundary line so as to include Kluckwan, an Indian village, at the head of canoe navigation leading into Lynn canal.
6. The exclusion of the Porcupine district, with a near approach to navigable water on the British side of the provisional boundary line.
7. The proposition to arbitrate the provisional line precedent to the formation of a *modus vivendi* pending a permanent solution of the question.

"The situation could not be worse." This statement was made by a high official of the state department, describing the status of negotiations on the Alaskan boundary.

"The negotiations," he continued, "have been indefinitely postponed, or, to put it otherwise, they have been practically declared off."

These statements were warranted by dispatches received yesterday from Ambassador Choate. As a consequence the situation is now most delicate and acute, since Lord Salisbury undertook to induce Canada to agree to the provisional boundary line proposed by Secretary Hay.

The relations between Canada and England on the one hand, and England on the other, are as strained as they were between America and England when President Cleveland issued his message on the Venezuelan boundary dispute.

Singularly enough, the United States faces an international crisis against the nation presumably most friendly.

The confusion on the part of England that she can not bring about an agreement makes it certain that the United States will send a garrison to Pyramid harbor, which is near the head of Lynn canal, and the inflamed condition of public sentiment makes the worst possible.

Mediation and Arbitration.

The Hague, July 8.—The third commission, sitting at the Huis Ten Bosch, discussed the scheme for the mediation and arbitration convention drawn up by the Comte d'Examen. Many of the delegates have only been acquainted with the proposal since Thursday, and have not had time to consult their governments. Consequently it was decided that when the commission adjourned it would be until Friday, July 14, in order to allow the delegates a week in which to consult their governments and receive final instructions. The scheme is headed "Draft of Convention for the Pacific Settlement of International Conflicts." The first part deals with the maintenance of general peace, the second part with arbitration.

Wheeler's Book.

Atlanta, Ga., July 8.—Gen. Joseph Wheeler has written a book on the operations of his cavalry during the civil war, and it will be published for the benefit of the Wheeler cavalry camps throughout the south. At a meeting of Wheeler's cavalry camp at last night a letter was read from the Alabamian, in which he stated that he had compiled a lot of notes after the war, which had never been printed. He signified his intention of sending \$100 to start the work, and said he would accept no remuneration.

More Unsatisfactory.

London, July 8.—The officials of the foreign office were shown the dispatch from Washington on Thursday saying there was almost a deadlock over the *modus vivendi* fixing the Alaskan boundary, neither side being willing to fix the provisional line proposed by the other. The officials confirm the contents of the dispatch, acknowledging that the situation is grave, and say the present outlook is more unsatisfactory than at any time since February.

Wants Accept.

New York, July 8.—Says a Washington special:
"If the Democrats of Ohio give me the nomination and my friends ask me to take it, I will accept."

Is these words John R. McLean yesterday announced his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for governor of Ohio.

It has been obvious for some time that Mr. McLean's friends were working to get for him this nomination.

Re-Elected Officers.

Asheville, N. C., July 8.—Southern Wholesale Grocers' association re-elected the following officers: E. G. Leigh, Jr., of Richmond, president; W. B. Lockett of Knoxville, first vice president; W. F. Vanover of Montgomery, second vice president.

The directors held a meeting and elected E. R. Hooker of Richmond secretary and John B. Blair also, of Richmond, treasurer to succeed themselves.

Dollar Dinner.

Columbus, O., July 8.—About 1600 people attended the dollar dinner given in honor of W. J. Bryan by the Young Men's Democratic club in the auditorium last night. It was the largest banquet the local Democracy has had since that given in honor of the seventy-seventh birthday of the late Judge Allen G. Thurman in the same hall ten years ago.

The affair was strictly democratic in its simplicity, all classes being represented. There were also a large number of ladies in the assemblage. The floor of the immense hall was almost entirely occupied by the long rows of tables laden with a variety of delicacies.

At the table with Col. Bryan were seated Hon. C. Tallahan and George Fred Williams, Judge Tarvin of Kentucky, Hon. Allen W. Thurman of Columbus, the toastmaster, and a number of others prominent in state politics. The entrance of Col. Bryan was greeted by an outburst of applause, which was renewed when he rose to respond to the toast "Democracy." Col. Bryan said in part:

"I congratulate the club on having declared in emphatic terms that there shall be no retreat from the position taken by the Democratic party in 1896. The Chicago platform applied Jeffersonian principles to the questions then before the country. Every plank in that platform was a Democratic plank and not one plank could be taken from the platform without injury to the party's chances of success. Sometimes we hear a suggestion that the silver plank should be dropped or amended, but as a rule those who threaten to get off the platform are really the persons who were never on the platform. Those who aided in the adoption of the Chicago platform are still true to its principles and a multitude of those who were opposed to it within the last three years."

"The money question is neither dead nor sleeping."

"The trust question is not a new one, and yet it has grown in interest and importance because trusts have grown in number. Attorney General Griggs is reported as saying: 'If anything is done to control the trusts it must be done by the states.' No one who has examined the subject will believe that state legislation is sufficient. The federal government must deal with the trust as soon as its pernicious influence extends beyond the limits of the state in which it is organized. The president, through his attorney general, can enforce the law now in existence. If that law is not sufficient he can recommend laws which are sufficient. If the constitution will not permit the extinguishment of trusts he can recommend an amendment to the constitution conferring upon the federal government ample power to enable the government to destroy the monopoly principle in industry."

His Ambition.

New York, July 8.—A special from Washington says:

Gen. Joe Wheeler will leave the city in a few days, to reach San Francisco in time to sail on the *Tartar* on July 20. He will not resign his seat in congress, it is understood, even if he remains in the Philippines all next winter.

The president has requested him to remain in congress, and the general will respect the president's wishes. He will do as he did during the last congress in the matter of compensation—draw only the pay attached to his military rank, and let his congressional salary remain in the treasury.

Battis a Vice President.

Portland, Ore., July 8.—The National Editorial association elected the following officers: President, I. H. Henry, Jackson, Miss.; first vice president, M. S. Parrott, Waterloo, Ia.; second vice president, B. F. Ballio, Cleburne, Tex.; third vice president, Albert Losler, Portland, Ore.; corresponding secretary, F. M. Page, Jerseyville, Ill.; recording secretary, R. M. White, Mexico, Mo.; treasurer, James G. Gibbs, Norwalk, O. New Orleans was chosen as the place of holding the next convention.

Julian's Demise.

Indianapolis, Ind., July 8.—Ex-Congressman George W. Julian died here yesterday, aged 83 years. In 1859 he was the candidate for vice president on the Free Soil ticket.

A Receiver.

Hartford, Conn., July 8.—Frederick A. Betts of New Haven, ex-insurance commissioner, was yesterday appointed receiver of the National Life Insurance company of Hartford.

A fire and explosion at the residence in Washington of Capt. Dickins of the United States navy resulted in Mrs. Dickins' death.

Another bitter feud is on in Clay county, Kentucky.

Mayor Traylor of Dallas has received a letter from Idaho contractors stating they greatly desire laborers for railroad work.

The man who shot King Milan was a German of Belgrade, Serbia.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A Variety of Jokes, Glibes and Tranzas Original and Selected—Foliam and Jettam from the Tide of Humor—Witty Sayings.

Up-to-Date Nursery Rhyme.

Hush-a-by, baby, and leave all to me;
That you're well married, mamma will see.
Sleep then in peace, for my baby girl
Shall some day wed a lord, duke or earl.
Rare pearls and diamonds for bosom and ear,
An income from papa of a million a year;
All these shall be yours, without a doubt,
So dumber in peace while mamma looks out.
—Chicago Daily News.

Exchange of Courtesies.



Prison Warden (to prisoner on his discharge)—And now I hope that you'll lead a respectable life and become a useful member of society.
Discharged Convict—Thank you, sir; I wish the same to you!—Unsere Gesellschaft.

Tell Us Why.

We see the fielder on the plot
Catch every whizzing ball;
High ball, low ball, grounder, hot,
He'll catch 'em one and all.

But then it's strange, we do declare,
This self-same catching star,
Will chase himself full half a square
And fail to catch a car.
—Chicago News.

Then You Do Know.

Mrs. Younghusband—You never really know a man until you are married to him.

Mrs. Muchwed—You don't then; you never really know a man until you are divorced from him and your friends come round and tell you lots of things you never even suspected.—Leslie's Weekly.

A Scheme Worth Trying.

"Yes," said the florid lady, "I made my will several years ago, and it was one of the wisest things I ever did."

"Why?" the meek-looking woman asked. "Do you expect to drop off suddenly?"

"No, but it's such a satisfaction to go and change it whenever I get mad at any of my heirs."—Chicago Times-Herald.

He Knew.

"Freddie, do you know what the Bible says about a lie?" asked his mother with feigned severity.

"Yeth, ma'am," lisped Freddie, "a lie is an abomination unto the Lord and a very refuge in time of trouble."—Kansas City Star.

Now She Is Mrs.

Mr. Singleton—Miss Willing—er—Nellie—you don't care if I drop the 'Miss' and call you Nellie, do you?

Miss Willing—No, indeed! Why, only yesterday I remarked to mamma that I was getting awfully tired of being called 'Miss.'"

One on the Tencher.



"Why, Fritz, what has made your cheek swell up so?"
"Teacher cuffed me!"
"But you look as if you were actually pleased over it."

"O, teacher sprained his wrist doing it, and had to dismiss the school!"—Unsere Gesellschaft.

She Always Has It.

Willie—Say, pa, is every word in the dictionary?"
Pa—No, I guess not, my son. Every little while a new one comes into use.

Willie—What's the last word, then, pa?

Pa—I don't know. Go ask your mother.

Has Had Hard Usage.

Smith—Your wife has a fine voice.
Jones—Yes; one of the best in the world. Otherwise it would have been worn out several years ago.